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Senior Annual

1912

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ROBERT LINCOLN KELLY

The Senior Annual

1912

Earlham College

The Nicholson Press, Richmond, Ind.

Editors of the Senior Annual

Clifford C. Crump, *Editor-in-Chief*

Associate Editors:

Sarah Addington
Albert Hall
Homer J. Furnas
Marguerite Thiebaud

Roy B. Davis, *Business Manager*

Circulation Managers:

Chester L. Reagan
Edith Edwards
Ida DeLong
D. Ray Price

TO

ROBERT L. KELLY

THE PROGRESSIVE PRESIDENT OF EARLHAM COLLEGE

THE CLASS OF 1912

DEDICATES THIS BOOK WITH PROFOUND RESPECT

Class Song

Oh Earlham dear, oh flower so fair,
Oh queen of happy days,
'Tis to thee we raise our voice
And sing thy dearest praise.

CHORUS:

Oh Alma Mater, list and hear
Our promise true to thee,
While now the class of nineteen twelve
Doth pledge its loyalty.

Of campus green we'll ever sing,
Warm meadow and cool dell,
Our hearts shall beat in memories sweet,
Thy praises strive to tell.

'Mong memory's brightest jewels
Thy face we'll ever see;
Of Earlham days shall be our lays,
Of years we spent with thee.

SARAH ADDINGTON, Richmond, Ind.

A.B. *Thesis*—The Motion Picture; A Critical Study.

Anglican 2, 3, 4; Secretary of Day Students 2, Vice-President 4; Class Secretary 3, Assistant Treasurer 4; President Women's Day Student Council 4; Associate Editor SENIOR ANNUAL 4.

MARK BALDWIN, Fairmount, Ind.

B.S., Geology. *Thesis*—The Geology of a Portion of Wayne Township, Wayne County, Indiana.

GERTRUDE M. BARTEL, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., German.

Class Secretary S3; German Club S1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; Phœnix S3, 4, President F4; Student Council S4; Board of Student Affairs 4; Y. W. C. A. 3, 4.

PAUL H. BROWN, Spiceland, Ind.

B.S., Physics. *Thesis*—Specifications for a Farm Light and Power Plant.

Class President F3; Business Manager Class *Earlhamite* 4; Circulation Manager of *The Earlhamite* S3, F4; Ionian 1, 2, 3, F4; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, President W2, F5; Student Council 3, 5; Track "E" 2 3, 4, 5; Manager Track Team 4, Captain 5; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Cabinet 2, 3, 4, 5, Gospel Team 5; Holder of Haverford Scholarship; Laboratory Assistant in Physics 3, 4, F5.

LOIS LILLIAN BROWN, Campbellsburg, Ind.

A.B., English.

Anglican 3, 4; Latin Club 2; Phœnix 1, 2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 4.

WILLIAM ERNEST CARY, Gansevoort, N. Y.

B.S., Chemistry and Biology. *Thesis*—The Self-Purification of Water.

Class Vice-President, 1913, F1, President FW3; Circulation Manager of *The Earlhamite* W3, Business Manager S3, F4, W4; Ionian 2, 3, 4, Secretary S3; Glee Club 4; Track Team 2, 3; Y. M. C. A. 2, 3, 4.

DUDLEY A. COX, Indianapolis, Ind.

B.S., Physics. *Thesis*—Effects of Electricity and Magnetism on the Rigidity and Young's Modulus of Different Metals.

Ionian 1; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President Board of Student Affairs 4; Yell Leader 4; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant in Physics 3, 4.

CLIFFORD C. CRUMP, Greensfork, Ind.

B.S., Mathematics.

Ionian F1, W1, 3, 4, Vice-Critic W3; Oratorical Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 4; SENIOR ANNUAL, Editor-in-Chief, 4; *Earlhamite* Staff, Associate Editor, W3, Editor-in-Chief S3, F4, W4; Class *Earlhamite,* Associate Editor, 3; Y. M. C. A. 2, 3, 4.

ROY B. DAVIS, Maitland, Mo.

B.S., Chemistry. *Thesis*—The Catalytic Effect of Anhydrous Salts on Esterification.

Class Vice-President S3; Business Manager SENIOR ANNUAL 4; *Earlhamite* Staff S3, F4; Ionian FW1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-President S3, President F4, Critic S4, President Board of Trustees 4; Oratorical Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 2, 3, 4; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 4.

IDA L. DeLONG, Hudson Falls, N. Y.

A.B., English. *Thesis*—Tragedy in Real Life.

Anglican 4; German Club S4; Phœnix 1, 2, 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, President 4; Holder Bryn Mawr Scholarship.

BENJAMIN H. DEUKER, Richmond, Ind.

B.S., Mathematics.

President of Day Students S4.

EDITH EDWARDS, Indianapolis, Ind.

A.B., German.

Class Secretary W1; Assistant Circulation Manager SENIOR ANNUAL 4; *Earlhamite* Staff 2; Assistant Business Manager Class *Earlhamite* 2, 3; German Club 3, 4; Madrigal Club 4; Student Council 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 3; Phœnix 1, 2, 3.

HOMER J. FURNAS, Indianapolis, Ind.

B.S., Chemistry. *Thesis*—The Chemistry of the Finishing of Wood.

Baseball Manager 2; Basketball "E" 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Class President S4; Football "E" 2, 4; Press Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Editor *The Earlham Press* 4; Associate Editor SENIOR ANNUAL 4; President Bundy Student Council 4; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 4.

J. LEMOYNE GILBERT, Wabash, Ind.

B.S., Geology and Biology.

Basketball "E" 3, 4; Ionian F1, 3, 4, Vice-President F4; Oratorical Association 2, 3, 4; Science Club 3, 4; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 4; Track Manager 4.

JOHN HANCOCK, Fairmount, Ind.

B.S., Geology.

Basketball "E" 2, 3, Captain 1910; Baseball "E" 2, 3, Captain 1909; Football "E" 1, 2, Captain 1909; Science Club 1; Student Council 3; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3.

ALBERT R. HALL, Paoli, Ind.

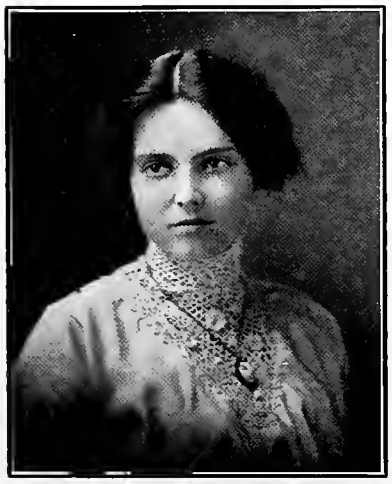
A.B., Biblical Literature and Church History.
Thesis—Influence of the Quakers on the Colonial Politics of Rhode Island.

Vice-President of the Class of 1911 F1, President W1, Vice-President of Class 1912 W4; Associate Editor SENIOR ANNUAL 4; Ionian 1, 2, 4; Oratorical Association 1, 2, 4; *Earlhamite* Staff 2; Student Council 2; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 4, Cabinet 1, 2.

MARGARET HARDIN, Knightstown, Ind.

A.B., Latin.

Classical Club 2, 3, 4; Science Club F4; Phœnix 1, 2, 3, 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 4.



SABINA HUTTON, Logansport, Ind.

B.S., Mathematics.

Phœnix 1, 2, 3, Secretary 2; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 4.

AGNES ISABEL JAMES, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., Latin.

President Classical Club 4; Vice-President Day Students 4; Secretary Latin Club 3.

ELIHU E. JENKINS, Sapulpa, Okla.

A.B., English. *Thesis*—Heinrich Heine. A Drama.

DONALD B. JOHNSTON, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., German. *Thesis*—Riehl's Novellengeschichten.

T. ELSA M. JONES, Fairmount, Ind.

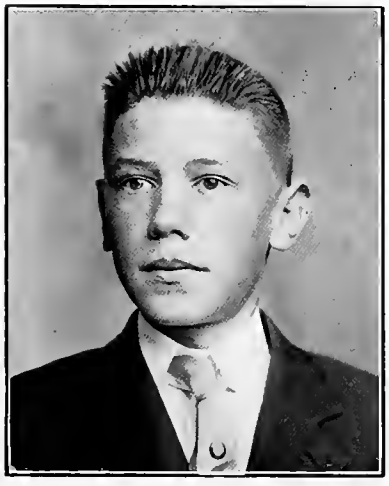
A.B., English. *Thesis*—D. G. Rosetti's Influence Upon the Pre-Raphaelite School of English Poetry.

Anglican 2, 3, 4; Football "E" 4; Class President F3; Glee Club 4; Ionian 2, 3, 4; Oratorical Association 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Y. M. C. A. 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 3, 4, Gospel Team 3, 4; Representative in State Oratorical Contest 3, 4.

H. PAUL KELSAY, Amboy, Ind.

A.B., Biblical Literature and Church History. *Thesis*—The Friends in Pennsylvania.

Class Vice-President S2, President W4; Football "E" 2, 3, 4; Ionian 1, 2, S3, 4, Vice-President W4, President S4; Oratorical Asociation 1, 2, 3, 4 Treasurer 4; Board of Student Affairs 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 3, 4, Treasurer 4; Track "E."



BERNHARD HENRY KNOLLENBERG, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., History. *Thesis*—A Short History and the Present Condition of the Supreme and Appellate Courts of Indiana.

Treasurer Day Students' Association F3; Debating Team 3, 4; Associate Circulation Manager of *The Earlhamite* W3; Ionian W3; Oratorical Association 2, 3, 4, Vice-President 2.

GUSTAV ADOLF LEHMAN, Berne, Ind.

A.B., German.

Class President F4; German Club 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Y. M. C. A. 3, 4, Cabinet 4, Gospel Team 3, 4; Student Council 4; Press Club 4; President Athletic Association 4.

LYMAN H. LYBOULT, Centerville, Ind.

A.B., History and Political Science. *Thesis*—Institutional History of Center Township, Wayne County.

Y. M. C. A. 4; Ionian 4.

EDNA A. MARLATT, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., Latin.

Class Secretary W4; Classical Club 4, Secretary and Treasurer 4; Chorus 1, 3; Latin Club 1, 3; Women's Day Students' Council 4, Vice-President 4.

FREDERIKA MESEKE, St. Louis Crossing, Ind.

A.B., Latin. *Thesis*—The Moral Essays of Seneca.

German Club 2, 3, S4; Latin Club 1, 2, 3, Secretary and Treasurer 2; Phœnix 1, 2, F3, S3, Vice-Critic S3; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, Cabinet 3.

LAURENS J. MILLS, Valley Mills, Ind.

A.B., English and Latin. *Thesis*—The Anglo-Saxon: His Inheritance; His Acquisitions.

Anglican 4; *Earlhamite* Staff 2, Associate Editor 2; Glee Club 4; Ionian 1, 2; Latin Club 4; Press Club 4; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 4.

RAYMOND T. MYRICK, Richmond, Ind.

B.S., Chemistry.

Class President S2, Vice-President S4; Assistant in Chemical Laboratory 2, 3, 4; President Day Student Association S1, W2; Debating Team 3, 4; Glee Club Manager 4; Ionian 3; Oratorical Association 3, 4, President 4; Press Club 3, 4; Business Manager *The Earlham Press* 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4, President W2, Vice-President S1, Treasurer F2; Board of Student Affairs 3, 4.

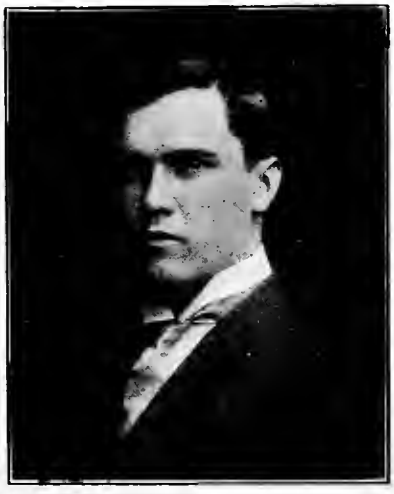
SHANNON D. NEFF, Greensfork, Ind.

A.B., History and Political Science. *Thesis*—Institutional History of Clay Township, Wayne County.

CAROLINE NICHOLSON, Washington, D. C.

A.B., German.

German Club 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary F4; *Earlhamite* Staff 2, 4; Associate Editor Class *Earlhamite* 1; Madrigal Club 4, Treasurer 4; Phœnix 1, 2, 3, Critic 3; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 4.



EDMUND BURKE NEWMAN, Richmond, Ind.

B.S., Mathematics.

DANIEL RAY PRICE, Spencer, Ind.

A.B., Education. *Thesis*—The Industrial Trend of Education.

Football Manager 4; Ionian 1, 2, 3; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 3, President 4, Gospel Team 4.

EMMA K. RAUSCH, Rochester, Ind.

A.B., German.

German Club 1, 3, 4; Phœnix 1, 3; Science Club 1, 3; Y. W. C. A. 1, 3, 4, Cabinet 4.

CHESTER L. REAGAN, Noblesville, Ind.

B.S., Mathematics.

Basketball "E" 2, 3, Captain 3; Baseball "E" 2, 3; Circulation Manager SENIOR ANNUAL 4; Circulation Manager *Earlham Press* 4; Football "E" 2, 3, 4; Ionian 2, 3; Press Club 3, 4; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 3, 4.

WILMA E. REEVE, Valley Mills, Ind.

A.B., English. *Thesis*—Treatment of the Jew in English Literature.

Anglican 3, 4; Class Secretary S4; *Earlhamite* Staff 2; Associate Editor Class *Earlhamite* 2, 3; Phœnix 1, 2, 3; Student Council W3, President 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet W3, 4.

GERTRUDE D. SMITH, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., Latin.

Classical Club 4; Latin Club 1, 3; Secretary Day Students. W4.

ELIZABETH M. SUDHOFF, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., German.

Wittenberg 1; German Club 2; Classical Club 4.

MARGUERITE THIEBAUD, Connersville, Ind.

A.B., English. *Thesis*—The Altruistic Note in Recent Literature.

Anglican 2, 3, 4; *Earlhamite* Staff, Exchange 2, Alumni Editor 3, Associate Editor 4; Associate Editor SENIOR ANNUAL; German Club 4; Phœnix 1, 2, 3, 4, Executive Committee 2, President S4; Student Council 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

LEAH THROCKMORTON, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., German.

Chorus 1, 2, 3; Women's Day Student Council 4; German Club 3, 4.

PAULINE WHITE, Amo, Ind.

A.B., English. *Thesis*—William Hickling Prescott, a Remarkable Man of Letters.

Anglican 3; Class Secretary 1; Phœnix 1, 2, 3, 4, Chairman of Executive Committee 4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 2.

ERNEST A. WILDMAN, Springfield, Ohio.

B.S., Chemistry. *Thesis*—The Actinism of Ultra-Violet Light.

Manager Basketball Team 4; Assistant Chemical Laboratory 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4, President F2; Student Council 3; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 3, 4, Gospel Team 4.

ELIZABETH M. WILLIAMS, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., English. *Thesis*—The Literary Movement in the Education of Children.

MARY E. WILSON, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., German.

Secretary Day Student Council 3, Vice-President W3; German Club 2, 3, 4, Secretary 4.

WILLIAM O. WISSLER, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., History and Political Science. *Thesis*—The Mills of Wayne County.

RUSSELL WORL, Cambridge City, Ind.

A.B., English. *Thesis*—Rational Methods in Modern Education.

Ionian F1, S4, Recording Secretary S4; Y. M. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

W. RUSSELL WRIGHT, Richmond, Ind.

A.B., History and Political Science. *Thesis*—Economics of the Lake-to-the-Gulf-Deep-Water-Way.

ROWENA P. JOHNSON, Vermillion Grove, Ill.

A.B., German. *Thesis*—Schiller's Use of History in Don Carlos.

German Club 3, 4, Treasurer 4; *Earlhamite* Staff, Exchange 2, News FW4; Phœnix 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary W3, Vice-President S3, President W4; Earlham Hall Student Council 4, Vice-President W4; Y. W. C. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 4.

Class of 1912—Freshman Year

Freshman Year

"PLEASE, Mr. President, I want a hammer; one that will drive nails. I haven't any place to hang my looking glass." President Kelly concealed a smile, murmured something about orientation and, giving an audible reference to Governor Mendenhall, watched the brilliant loops of a red Windsor tie disappear in the rain. Of course, we were not all like this unfortunate representative, for some of us were wise. One has only to recall the somewhat lengthy and profound oration delivered at the opening reception to be convinced of this fact.

The Sophomores, after surveying us quite carefully, considered us to be easy until one morning, when, with little bows of red and green, we appeared in the dining room. Immediately the indignant Sophs arose and when breakfast was over they were waiting for us. A whirlwind of arms and legs, a few unearthly exclamations, and all was over. The Sophs were securely bound, hand and foot, and writhing in humiliation, they remodeled their conception of our ability. This was the foundation of that dread, vague thing called class spirit. Songs were made and sung in our praise, a cord fight took place in the "gym" and even a pennant was fashioned for the amusement and benefit of the Faculty; with great gusto, we sang to the tune of Solomon Levi—

We are the class of 1912,
Our home is old E. C.,
We are the class that runs the school
With the help of the Faculty.

Coach Vail pitied us and developed a goodly number of us into athletes. He did other things for us, but this was his chief accomplishment. We pleased Miss Hanson, and she aided us socially—that is—well, she saw that we "buzzed" as nearly as possible at the right time and in the right place. The Wares were concerned about us, they fed us, put us to bed, and furnished us the pleasure of the Supelets. Governor Mendenhall liked us. He liked us so much that he gave us a Student Council—a nice, new one, one that had never been used—gave it to us for our special benefit.

The Juniors took us for a frolic. It was the biggest event of our Freshman calendar; we consumed bananas, swung on the May poles, and did various other things. That night when we returned, the real spirit of Earlham became manifest in us, and as the year came to a close we began to realize what it means to be an Earlhamite.

Class of 1912—Sophomore Year

Sophomore Year

TO STUDY history, say the wise, is to study the lives of great men. Accordingly, the history of Earlham for the year 1909-1910 may best be known by recounting the doings of the class of 1912. The making of the "Greater Earlham" has been recorded by the historian of the first year of the class; the special province now to be developed is the epoch of unparalleled accomplishments.

One of the earliest pleasures accorded to the class of 1912 during the Sophomore year, was to watch the innocent Freshmen submit to Professor Scott's newly instituted entrance test in English. That being over, the Sophs went their own sweet way, leaving the Freshies to meditate over the evil of their doings until the first tug of war over the skating pond. Oh, ye South Pole expeditions and fabulous cold baths!

One night the Sophomores had a camp supper. There was nothing marvelous in that. On that same night, the Freshmen had a reception in the "gym." That, too, has happened before in the history of the college. Of course, the Sophomores did not exceed their time limit and came in at a reasonable hour. But for some reason or other, the "gym" suddenly went dark and stayed dark. It is difficult to find a switch plug on a dark night. Of course, every Soph could prove an alibi.

The class of 1912 has always been of an artistic nature, and although expression of this was given in the banner made the year before, the masterpiece was brought to light at the end of the 1910 basketball season. The Rose Poly game furnished the inspiration? The lack of canvas was not an important matter, for are not stone walls and sidewalks more lasting than muslin? The artists did not consider Sistine Madonnas and cherubs fit and proper subjects for a college atmosphere and so raised the English numeral system to the realm of high art. But, alas, is there anything more unprogressive than a college faculty? In the matter of art, they cannot be educated in keeping with the spirit of the times, and the artists had to seek patrons elsewhere.

To mention the athletic importance of the class of 1912 as Sophomores, would take another annual. Suffice it to say, that if the various teams had been called Sophomore teams rather than varsity, the line-up would have been more than half the same.

CLASS OF 1912—JUNIOR YEAR

Junior Year

TO BE a Junior means to be paradoxical; to be sophisticated and frivolous, apparently without a care in the world, but secretly to be managing the college. To be a Junior, speak it softly, means to seem to be what you may not be.

After we had aided the Student Councils in quelling the Sophomores and guiding the Freshmen, we entertained ourselves right royally with a camp supper and then entertained the rest of the college with the biggest sensation of the year.

'Twas Tuesday morning. 'Twas in chapel. Everyone, from the Faculty to the Freshmen, longed for the moment when the Seniors, clothed in cap and gown, should file majestically down the aisle. But, alas! alack! the Seniors came, with neither cap nor gown. Ruefully they gazed upon the unsuspecting Juniors, openly they accused, slandered, yea, even calumniated us. The Dean remonstrated, pleaded and threatened. The caps and gowns could not be conjured up. A week passed. The Seniors grew worn and pale. The Juniors, like martyrs of old, throve on persecution. But, as stealthily and mysteriously as they had vanished, came again the caps and gowns unto their rightful owners, and both Juniors and Seniors went on their ways rejoicing.

But time does not tarry for even Juniors. Spring came again and merrily did "we trip it on the green," crown the queen, and aid efficiently in the big event of the year, "Ye May Day."

Before we could scarcely recover our breath from the strenuousness of this performance we straightway began to formulate plans for our Junior frolic and gaily did we make merry with the Freshmen on the banks of Clear Creek. But with all our good times, we were profiting by the lessons of experience and learning to do things worth while. Even the most frivolous of our number had begun to assume a graver mien. Still we sang our glees and played our games, but into it all crept a deeper meaning, for steadily we were approaching the last act of our drama.

Senior Year

A SENIOR, from the standpoint of underclassmen, is a superior being, above the common multitude and one to be revered; a Senior, from a Senior's standpoint, is only a hard-worked, overburdened mortal, who has a thesis to write, a Class Day to arrange, a Senior Annual to publish, and the general welfare of the college to provide for. And yet, through it all there is a delightful zest and enthusiasm, for we are all doing so much; and though it is nerve-racking, yet it's thrilling to be able to say, "Well, I have two meetings and a rehearsal this noon; something has to be cut," and it's still more fun to note the expression on your Sophomore associates who are awed by your nonchalance.

The year started out with daily class meetings. The committee on the Senior play had worked all summer and then, after the class became Seniors, they decided not to give the play. Very well and good. But then, after hours of argument and weeks of discussion, they decided to give one, only this time it should be a "playlet" and should come at the end of some Class Day exercises. Harmony at last! The bitter contest was over and a dozen committees were set to work. The Chase Stage was to be completed by the class as a gift to the college, and thus came the inspiration for the out-door exercises.

The next big issue was the matter of caps and gowns. The men hated the things and wanted to wear them—oh, every once in a while; the girls insisted on donning the official costume at least three times a week. Result: Peaceful compromise, and the robes might have been seen on Tuesdays and Fridays only.

Social life has been the chief other activity. The girls were entertained at various towel-hemming, tea-drinking gatherings, and we even gave some camp suppers for ourselves, which proves how fond we are of each other. The Sophomores banqueted us and the President received us.

And now we have come to the point where we are beginning to regret; just now as we get a perspective over the four years, they all seem so golden and we feel exceedingly humble and lonesome and try not to think of what's coming, but just to be happy in what's here. We have come to one of the big jumping-off places and it's hard to jump.

The Seniors at Auction

WHAT'LL you give? What do I hear? Going, going——gone! To Dr. Coffin, these three bottles of most excellent hair tonic. Dr. Coffin, I congratulate you on your purchase; the names of Lehman, Worl and Lyboult are connected, dear sir, with this hair tonic. The recommendation speaks for itself.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have here a collection of fine old love letters, rare love letters, dulcet love letters, poured from a burning heart and inspired by a noble love. A fine thing, gentlemen, to use as models; the writer, heart-sick E. A. Wildman, is an authority on the subject. Yours, my dear Levinus, for the price named.

A pepper-box, my friends, a pepper-box full of the pepperiest pepper of the Mary Wilson brand. It must be handled with greatest care, for, oh ladies, and oh gentlemen, suppose the lid should come off! He who needs pepper, let him speak——gone! To Bertha Miller.

Above this annoying din, friends, let me hear you bidding for this phonograph—it goes all the time—never ceases—it's going now—speak a little louder—the perpetual motion machine—the Myrickola, louder, louder——. Officer, arrest that instrument.

What am I bid for this lovely companion piece, a truly touching piece of art, "The Loves of Deacon and Sabina?" I can not separate them, friends, but together—ah, together—ah—words fail me. Boy, catch my tears.

A nice, fresh, yellow, juicy, luscious Lemon! What am I bid? What am I bid? Ah, my dear young lady, the early bird gets—the Lemon. With my compliments. May he never wither!

Who wants a sieve, a sieve for things to go through, never to return? From the Dudley Cox firm, and guaranteed to sieve. Miss Conrad vouches for it that even French verbs have no shape or form after going through this remarkable utensil.

A sweet, a lovely bunch of daisies, the flower faces of Edith, Wilma and Caroline. Gentlemen, I protest, you are too eager; do not tread on my toes. You shall have them, these wonderful posies; daisies who have flourished for four years——gone! To this insistent crowd of males, who seem to have a fondness for daisies.

A fashion plate of the year 1904—not a bad thing, by the way, for a household. What am I bid for W. Russell Wright's fashion plate? Rather antique, to be sure, but fashions always return.

A charming copy of the "Youth's Companion," otherwise known as Pauline White. Something every boy should have, but which only one boy can have at a time. What are you bidding for this precious copy? Flowers, chocolates, sundaes, are the usual price for a "Youth's Companion"—but—going—going——gone! To Howard Hurst.

Married ladies, fiancées, aspirants, listen! A handsome set of spoons, well-worn but still serviceable; spoons that have glistened and shone in their day, the very best spoons, I mean the very worst spoons, that is, the spooniest spoons—ah, well—who, who, who?——Yours, Miss Snepp. You will need them, of course. You will find the spoonlike names of Price, Cary, Baldwin, Jenkins, Kelsay and Newman engraved upon their surfaces. Bold spoons, but spoons always are.

This tragic figure of Emma di Rauscho is heart breaking! She lost her head—oh, the pity of it!—she lost it—oh, pardon my tears!—well, friends, she simply studied her head off. But come, what am I bid for this wonderful statuette of a truly wonderful student?

A gas jet, a gas jet, full of stifling, smothering, suffocating gas; gas which overfloweth, a Sudhoff gas jet, ever spouting, never ceasing. A suitable fixture for the gas department, Professor Ed.

The Gold Dust Twins—let DeLong and Meseke do your work—they're willing and efficient and I'll sell them cheap. Going, going——gone! To "Steve" Woodward; a May Queen should not work.

A dictionary full of words, words, words. Mills' Complete, Unabridged, Exhaustive; just the thing to carry about with you to fatten your vocabulary. Sold to Prof. Scott, with which to startle Freshmen.

"Beauty and the Beast," a one-act drama, enacted by Lois Brown and Roy Davis. Miss Brown is a beautiful Beauty, and you all know the beast-like Dodger. What am I offered, what am I offered?

See, friends, Paul Brown, the bleating goat; eats anything, does anything, isn't anything; just a plain old goat of the tin-can order, who never will be anything but a goat. Goats, as a rule, have not siren voices; listen to this one—ba—a-a-a-a; well, doesn't anybody want him? No? Boy, express that goat to the President of Haverford College. He can use him.

A sweet, pretty bong-bong (note my subtle accent), always acceptable, always welcome. The Agnes James Bong-Bong; girls, girls, don't be so greedy—sold to the "Grand Bunch."

I have here, my dear comrades, a joke-book. Editor, Thos. E. Jones. Most of these jokes are of the good old sort, hard used and well worn, with the point rubbed away and the lustre dimmed. But old jokes are such good friends and so faithful. What do you bid?——gone! To Fräulein Daniels; to develop her sense of the humorous.

Let us all sing. I have a delightful Sunday School hymnal here, all from the fervid pen of Margaret Hardin——Gone! To "Rufe" Murray.

What am I offered for this what-not? If not, why not? A decorative piece, serving as a waste basket, from the Edna Marlatt period. It must be sold; the owner refuses to throw it away. To desire it is impossible; it has no striking traits; it's simply a what-not——Sold. To Elsie Marshall, for a refrigerator.

There's nothing the matter with this music box, friends, except that it won't go. And you may be glad it doesn't. I heard it when it did. What am I offered for Deuker's Dreadful Disaster, the only music box made for the purpose of keeping silent?

The Leah, a sponge—what do I hear? Sure to take all you have and more—ouch, don't hit me! shoot that sponge.

Ah, how your eyes glow! for this, this, ladies and gents, you recognize as the scintillating essence, the sparkling nectar, the distracting ambrosia, Shannon Neff's Champagne Par Excellence. Professors, I am shocked, how avidly you are rushing forth—but here, this wild-looking individual climbing up my coat-tail receives the boon. Yours, Professor Morrison, yours with a struggle.

This chattering poll parrot. Rowena, speak for the crowd. Oh, no, she's tired, not shy; certainly she can sing. Fine company for a lonely man or old maid. To you, Mr. Benham; don't teach her anything naughty.

Here's a nice, comfortable picture from the studio of G. Bartel, a family print, faded perhaps, but oh so genial! See how it smiles and nods at you. Doesn't it give you a warm feeling?

This object has been sat on a great deal. A chair of the Gertrude Smith order, a very receptive sort of thing, but used a little too freely, I believe. What, Professor Rod, you offer your entire fortune? You say you like to sit on things?

Here is a watch, always on time, from the the D. Johnston, Paris, factory, the owner of which, they tell me, is punctuality personified.

Spread it, spread it, spread it thick. Bernhard Heinrich Knollenberg's Lubricating Salve, applied at all times and occasions, whether appropriate or not. Bound to convince the victim

that he is an archangel or a hero or a genius. What am I offered?—going, going——gone! To the Albion Debating Team for future use.

And now, friends, listen, listen, listen! Hear them rattle, see the box, can you guess what they are? The box looks familiar. Right! A box of pills. Pills they are and ever will be, cure for all ailments, remedy for all ills. See them now—Thiebaud, Crump, Furnas, Addington, Hall—did you ever see such pills? Pink, red, brown, how uninviting they look! Bitter, nasty things, not a grain of sugar on them. But oh, friends, how valuable! What, are you leaving? Don't you like pills? Oh, my poor pills, I must needs take you myself. Ah me, ah me!—— Boy, strangle those pills!

Calendar

Friday, June 7—Sophomore-Senior banquet.
Saturday, June 8—Reception to the Senior class at the home of President and Mrs. Kelly.
Friday, June 14—The annual music recital.
Saturday, June 15—Presentation of "The Lady of Lyons," by the Ionian-Phœnix societies.
Sunday, June 16—Baccalaureate service. Sermon by Prof. David W. Dennis.
Monday, June 17—The Madrigal Club—A Chinese operetta, "The Feast of the Little Lanterns."
Tuesday, June 18—Class Day exercises—Ivy ceremony and play,"King René's Daughter," Hertz.
Wednesday, June 19—Commencement address by Dr. Paul Shorey.

The Faculty

The Faculty

Robert L. Kelly, LL.D.
David Worth Dennis, Ph.D.
William Newby Trueblood, A.M.
Edwin Pritchard Trueblood, A.M.
Harlow Lindley, A.M.
Allen David Hole, Ph.D.
Elbert Russell, A.M.
Arthur M. Charles, A.M.
Edwin Morrison, M.S.
J. Herschel Coffin, Ph.D.
Harry Nichols Holmes, Ph.D.
William Orville Mendenhall, Ph.D.
Laurence Hadley, A.M.
John Dougan Rea, A.M.
Murray S. Kenworthy, A.M.
Roderick Scott, A.M.
Walter Carleton Woodward, Ph.D.
Elsie M. Marshall, A.B.
Mary A. Jay Ballard, A.B.
Glen Thistlethwaite, B.S.
Catherine C. Snepp, A.B.
Millard S. Markle, B.S.
Charles M. Benham, A.B.
Elisabeth Conrad, M.A.
Alma Daniels, M.A.
Laura C. Gaston
Edna Hecker
Philip Bruner, B.S., *Assistant Coach*
D. E. Mills, *Lecturer on Hygiene*

The Junior Class

Junior Class

President—Philip W. Furnas
Secretary—Anna Margaret Hampton

Beard, Stanley
Beckman, Barbara
Barrett, Mildred
Butler, Pearl
Carter, Lucile
Clark, Lindley H.
Cox, M. Ramona
Crome, Vera E.
Elliott, Mary Alice
Emerson, Fred W.
Evans, William R.
Gustin, Frederica
Hoskins, Halford L.
Hadley, Clara June
Janney, John Hall, Jr.
Jenkins, Robert Edgar
Jones, A. Leroy
Kelley, Agnes Rifner
Kenworthy, Helen
Kenworthy, Mary
Leonard, Edward C.
Long, Florence
McClain, Althea
McMullen, Harriet A.
Mendenhall, Anna
Miller, Harry S.
Mills, James Blair
Morris, Barclay
Morrow, Mary Meek
Murray, Floyd R.
Oler, Hazel Bessie
Painter, Levinus K.
Pickering, Erma R.
Raiford, Sallie Thomsene
Ratliff, Russell M.
Ratliff, Alice
Reed, Horace W.
Rees, Alice
Sanders, William H.
Smith, Gertrude D.
Smith, Mary Emma
Stalker, Herman
Stanley, Clinton
Stanley, Thomas B.
Stanley, Z. Jay
Thomas, Isabelle
Taylor, Mary Louise
Wilson, Mark A.
Winslow, J. Russell
Wissler, Arthur William
Wright, Ora Ethel

The Sophomore Class

Sophomore Class

President—Allan Lancaster
Secretary—Bessie Adams

Abrams, Tracy
Beery, Ray
Bertsch, Mary
Brooks, Paul
Butler, Craig
Converse, Blair
Cooper, Gertrude
Courtney, Ruth
Cox, Ed
Cox, John
Dill, Dorothy
Doan, Alice Mary
Doan, Florence
Doggett, Alfred
Early, Hazel
Fagan, Riah
French, Alsie
Glidewell, Ivan
Goble, Ruth
Hadley, Fred
Hadley, Mildred
Hall, Paul
Harvey, Helen
Henley, Jeanette
Henley, Margaret
Hieger, Ruth
Hill, Cecil
Hill, Chester
Hodson, Vera
Hollowell, Arthur
Humrichouse, Nelle
Hurst, Howard
Jay, Florence
Jones, Claybourne
Jones, Dorothy
Jones, Mildred
Kellum, Edna
Kiester, Edna
Kirk, Greta
Lamb, Roscoe
Madden, Alma
McMinn, Howard
Milligan, Mary
Modisett, Sylvia
Morrison, Kenneth
Parks, Gladys
Payne, Willard
Pennington, Elgar
Peebles, Roscoe
Pollock, Chelsea
Redmond, Mary
Rogers, Harold
Raiford, Earnest
Rollman, Fred
Rowe, Earl
Runge, Edith
Schalk, Frank
Schuster, Katherine
Shoemaker, Ethel
Sparks, Helen
Spekenhier, Marie
Towell, Fred
Trueblood, Cecil
Trueblood, Howard
Uphaus, Willard
Von Runkle, Nellie
Watt, Bertha
Wildman, Edna
Wolfe, Paul
Wood, Glen
Wood, Lester
Wright, Crystal
Wright, Edna

The Freshman Class

Freshman Class

President—Benjamin N. Johnson
Secretary—Edna Charles

Arnett, Cary
Bailey, Moses
Baker, Orville Ben
Ballard, Blanche
Barnes, Harold
Barnes, T. Elmer
Benn, Sylvester
Benson, James
Bogue, Morris
Brownell, Benjamin
Campbell, Malcolm
Cary, Howard
Chandler, Maurice
Chenoweth, Donabelle
Clark, Ruth
Cooper, Berry
Cox, Harvey
Cox, Katherine
Darnell, Joseph
Daum, Ruth
Dillon, Mary
Dunn, Helen
Earnest, Pearl
Edwards, Carleton
Edwards, Walter
Eliason, Olive
Ellabarger, Leora
Elliott, H. H.
Engle, Prise
Fields, Decil
Fisher, Robert
Flanagan, Esther
Fowler, Earl
Friegen, Ruth
Frost, Rayna Snow
Funk, Inez
Gifford, Wallace
Gilbert, Marvin
Greene, Dorsie
Griffis, Brandon
Hallowell, Fred
Hardin, Zelah
Harlan, William
Hasemeier, Marguerite
Hathaway, Lois
Havekotte, Elsie
Hinds, Murlie
Huff, Eleanor
Hutton, Ulric
Jay, Allen
Jessup, Amy
Jessup, Mary
Johnson, Geneva
Jones, Ora
Kinnaman, Howard
Kinnard, Charles
Lancaster, Cyrus
Logan, Rhena
Lowe, Faye
McKinney, Kirk
Moorman, Louise
Morris, Clara
Morris, Harriett
Morton, Mary
Newsome, Harold
Parke, Royden
Parker, Miriam
Parkins, Miriam K.
Peacock, J. D.
Pierce, Gertrude
Pretlow, Abbie
Raiford, Edward
Raiford, Wistar
Robbins, Johnnetta
Ruppel, Ernest
Shrader, Inez
Shute, Eleonora
Stanley, Edith
Stevens, C. E.
Taggart, Harold
Tufts, Helen
Vaughan, Lonnie
Wells, Mary Luella
Wentling, Howard
Whinnery, Mary
White, Ruth
Wilson, Benezette
Winslow, Fay
Wise, Cora
Wright, Earl

President—D. Ray Price

The Cabinet of the Y. M. C. A.

Secretary—Lemoyne Gilbert

The Young Men's Christian Association

THE Young Men's Christian Association has occupied a distinctly prominent place in the activities of the college during the past year. Its power has penetrated and colored the college spirit in a way made peculiarly manifest, but no report can set forth the full results of this influence except as the years go by.

The records for the past year show the membership of the Association to have attained a high-water mark. One hundred and nineteen men were enrolled as members of the Association. Ninety-four men were enlisted in Bible Study courses. The fact that the classes were moved from the dormitory to Lindley Hall accounts for the comparative decrease in numbers in this department. The Missionary Committee has been intensely alive to its opportunities and as a result ninety-seven men were enrolled in Mission Study courses—the largest number in the history of the Association. "Personal work" has been the watchword of the Cabinet and the committee in charge of this department has been increased to twelve. The sincerity and zeal of these men account largely for the effectiveness of the efforts put forth during the week of special meetings which were held early in February. A gospel team composed of seven men conducted a successful series of meetings at Danville during the Christmas vacation, and a great number of young people were reached and brought into active Christian service. The other departments of the Cabinet, although not occupying such conspicuous places, have been efficiently handled by their committee chairmen. The one thing, however, for which the Cabinet feels justly proud, is the new constitution. It is the result of long and careful work, and with its adoption the Association entered upon a new era.

The type of manhood for which the Earlham Christian Association stands, is increasingly high and one which is equaled in no other college in the state. And while it is true that it is the popular thing to belong to the Christian Association the ideals, which it instils into men, lead them out into their better selves and open the doors to possibilities of unlimited extent, where strong Christian manhood is supreme.

President—Ida De Long

The Cabinet of the Y. W. C. A.

Secretary—Harriet McMullen

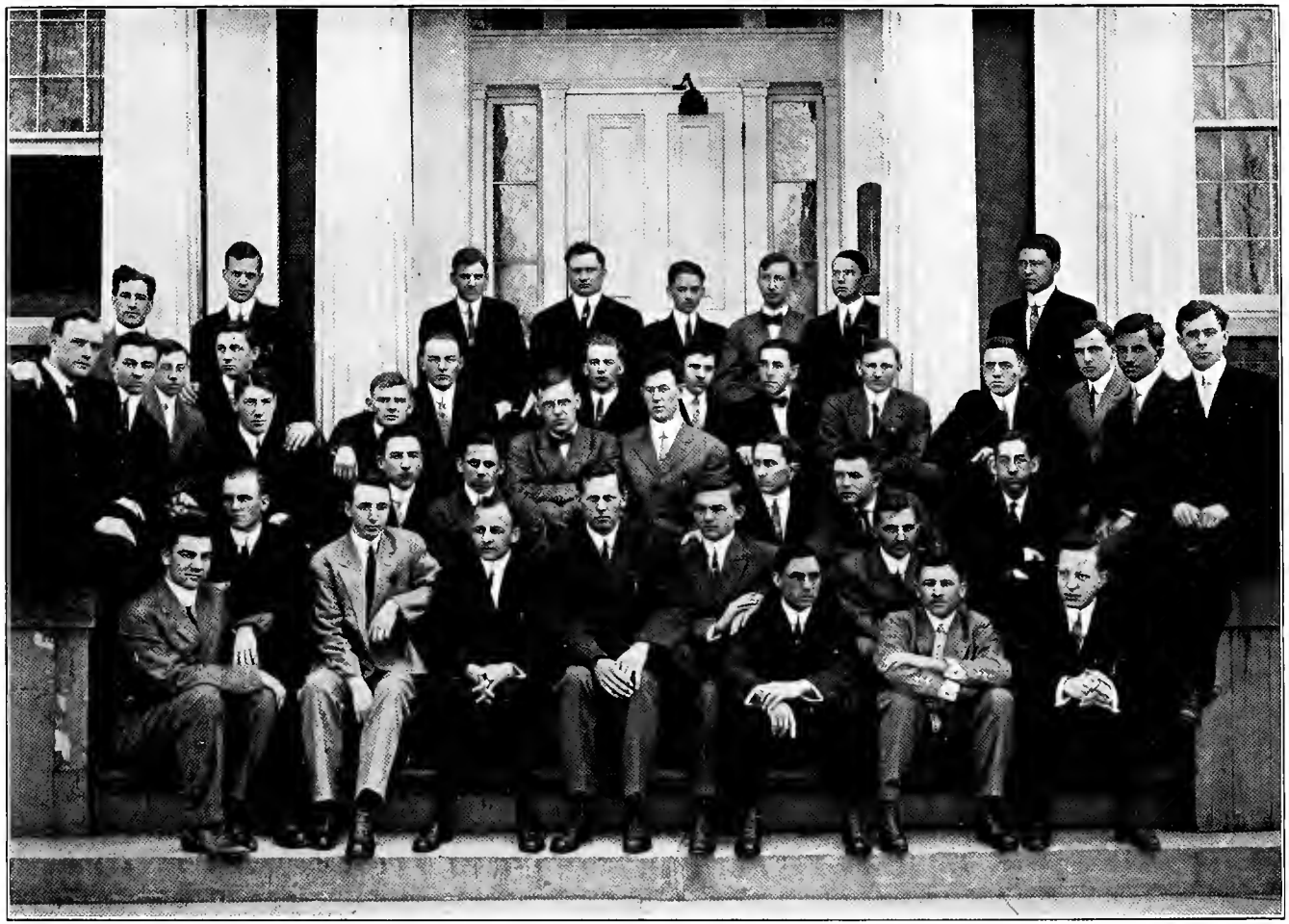
The Young Women's Christian Association

THE intellectual development of a college student should by no means be his chief ambition. College training is primarily to broaden and expand those innate and latent qualities of the growing individual. All college activities contribute to this end. The various psychical and biological laboratories speak to his scientific nature, the language and the literature, to his sense of the beautiful, and in an equal way the Christian Association extends its call to the spiritual life. To his inner being it affords the nourishment that the class room gives the mind. The two go hand in hand and work in harmony to form the well rounded student.

The helpful talks and frank discussions of the Association meetings have been invaluable in helping many a college woman to solve life problems and to settle perplexing questions of religious life. The past Association year has brought us its annual amount of blessings. Inspiring and enthusiastic conventions, the visits of earnest and sincere association workers, have all contributed to the spirit of fellowship.

The Bible study and missionary departments have both offered instructive courses and have faithfully endeavored to impress upon each student the true value and significance of such a study.

Those of us who for four years have lived in the atmosphere of the Young Women's Christian Association can realize to some extent its influence on our college life. The memories of the hours spent together in getting and giving its treasures will be one of the strongest ties to our Alma Mater. May the succeeding years bring our Young Women's Christian Association more prosperity than it has ever known, and may it continue to shed its influence on the Earlhamites of the future as it has on those of the past.



President—H. Paul Kelsay

Ionian Literary Society

Secretary—Russell Worl

William Goes to Ionian

WILLIAM was a Freshman, and not nearly so versed in the ways of the world as his untutored mind told him. He was ambitious, as most Freshmen are, and upon hearing that Ionian held great possibilities for those who would attain success, decided to join this most exclusive organization.

The eventful night came when he was to be made a member. At 7:30 sharp he stood without Ionian Hall. A few minutes of waiting and then he was ushered in amid wild applause. Ah, yes, this was the first recognition of his greatness. Why had the fellows never shown this spirit before? With much dignity he took the seat offered him by the Marshal, and, looking the President straight in the eye, settled himself more comfortably in his chair, putting his feet on the rounds of the one before him. Almost immediately the gentleman next to him arose, and for the violation of established precedent number six, moved that William be fined the sum of ten cents. Much speaking followed and William became uneasy, but when he was asked by the President if he were aware that the placing of feet on chairs was a finable offence, he remained in indignant silence. He was duly fined. His blood boiled and he turned to his neighbor and in righteous wrath poured out his heart.

What was that? Oh, never mind, William, you are just being fined fifteen cents for disturbing the order of the meeting.

It happened that the Literary Committee had been aware of William's love for oratory and so extemporaneous speeches had been arranged. William was second on the program. Majestically he arose and walking straight to the reading desk, started to deliver his much beloved high school oration. Just at the point where "The voice of the people cries to the stars for justice," bang went the gavel. His waving arm dropped with a thud. He gulped twice, started his speech anew. The President called out that if the society consented he might proceed. But the society objected and William, much chagrined and feeling the unworthiness of the society, took his seat.

Some one moved that Ionian be adjourned. William arose. He could stand the insult no longer. A flush crossed his face and in no uncertain language did he begin to depict the faults of Ionian.

"Mr. President, I am a new member in your society, nevertheless, in all my experience in similar gatherings I have never——"

"The House stands adjourned!" thundered the President, and William, with eyes flashing fire and weighty words upon his lips, addressed thin air.

President—MARGUERITE THIEBAUD PHOENIX LITERARY SOCIETY *Secretary*—LOIS BROWN

Our Cause of Office

"OH-O-O, oh-o-o," moaned the most dejected of dejected creatures, "Oh-o-o—Friday, and Phœnix and V-i-c-e Mar-s-h-a-l and m-u-m-ps." It ended in a wail, and the most mournful of tear-stained faces was thrust into a pillow. For a time the silence of the hospital was broken only by stifled sobs and occasional shouts from third-floor west. Another series of oh-o-o-s, a gulp, a hasty emergence from the depths of the pillow, but this time a new light of defiance gleaming in the swollen eyes.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Will the society please come to order?" came in the most *awful* tones from the President's desk. "In the absence of the Vice-Marshal, the chair will ap——"—the door flew open in a most unceremonious fashion and Mary Louise, Freshman, tear-stained, mumpy, and with dress awry, stumbled into the room and half fell into the Vice-Marshal's chair. A hubbub arose! Why!! Mary Louise! How dare you? Why! We will all get them! Why! Why! Oh!—Bang!!! Bang!!! "The society will *please* come to order. The secretary may call the roll."

With flaming cheek and flashing eye the chair struggled into Miscellaneous Business, blissfully unaware that motions were passed totally unaccompanied by seconds, that established precedents were no more in evidence than "banana-specials," and that even the Seniors were oblivious of by-law sixteen. But through it all, Mary Louise, Freshman, with a scarlet hue upon her superabundance of face, never for one instant released her firm grasp upon the Vice-Marshal's chair.

"You have heard the question, are you ready for the motion?" shouted the Chair. A tap on the door; a figure in white; a gasp of amazement, for college nurses are not frequent visitors to Phœnix. "The ladies of Phœnix are under quarantine. They will please follow me to the hospital."

Never had the Venus di Milo above the Critic's table witnessed as unparliamentary an adjournment, and never did a more solemn procession file out of the old Lindley Hall. But not until the ladies of Phœnix, fifty strong, were safely within the four green walls of the hospital, was Mary Louise, Freshman, discovered, tearfully and affectionately embracing the Vice-Marshal's chair.

The Anglican Club

The Anglican Club

President—Thos. B. Stanley
Secretary—Lucile Carter

THESE are the littérateurs, the scribes, the bibliophiles, the intimates and table companions of Euterpe, Calliope and their sisters. These are poetic, classic, dramatic; they are critics and composers, opinionists and creators, technicians and generalists, masters, in short, of their art, and their art is Literature!

Seriously, though, this group is a notable one. They do things—read books, you know, and talk about them; write stories and—other people talk about them, and through it all maintain themselves with glorious dignity and discretion. For Anglican is stiff and Anglican is stringent. Parliamentary Law is monarch of their meetings. You have to be a perfect lady to be a member of Anglican unless, of course, you happen already to be a perfect gentleman.

And, by the way, what do you think of the masculine factor of us? Just a few select, choice——well, you know; all the adjectives that go with a few of anything, be that "anything" men, or baskets of potatoes left in the grocer's stall. We are all very proud of our men. Our president is a man, quite a man, too, by the way, and our other men are all men, too—er—that is—well—at least, we are proud of our men.

We have been novelists this year. Novelizing is great fun in Anglican. If you are to be the leader of the meeting, you read the assigned novel. If you are not, you—probably do not. You may if you wish, however. Well, now, suppose you are the leader. You arise, gracefully if possible, and go to the pulpit. You address the chair; he nods graciously; you address the members of Anglican; they yawn in your face. Then you give your "interesting account of——." At least your, our sanguine secretary says it's interesting in her next minutes. You are not at all disturbed to find that your dearest friend has gone to sleep, but close your oration with a flourish and take your seat flushed with victory and amid thunderous applause.

Then they discuss you and what you have said, and you learn wherein you have failed or achieved. Usually you have achieved, for Anglican members, you know, are masters. After the discussion, a sonorous voice says something which seems to be significant, for there is a great scuffling and scraping of feet; people leave you and your masterpiece unless you go too, for Anglican is adjourned.

President—W. R. Evans

Science Club

Secretary—Murlie Hinds

The Assembly Scientific

A WILD wind moaned and a cold moon shone pallid as down the long corridor a dark line of figures wended its way to a door that led into the mountains. Above the passage-way an owl hooted. The echo was flung back from the tall white cliffs.

In a low vaulted chamber the mystic figures gathered. Ghastly, indeed, did their black cloaks blend with the somber gray of the rock-hewn walls. Silently did they meditate until an old man, in whose eyes lingered a spark of fearless conquest, arose.

"Brothers of the Holy Scientific Order, I greet you! Many are the things that have been revealed to us beyond the power of others to understand. Farther and farther have we pushed back the veil of ignorance until now it is as if we were ready to enter into the supreme joy of knowing all things. Tonight our purpose shall be accomplished or we must know that it never can be effected. In my hand I hold a vial. Behold its power."

A cloud of thin vapor arose and died. Before the assembled throng stood the spirit of Knowledge. A sudden thrill ran through the men scientific. Some wrapped their mantles more closely about them.

"Speak! I demand you. What is there that mortal can not know?"

And the spirit made answer.

"One thing thou dost not know, one thing thou canst never know. Thou hast found the key to all my treasures but this, and to this the key is lost. Thou never shalt know from whence life flows; thou never shalt know if it hath an end, until——"

"Enough! Begone! I am an old man; 'twere better to die in ignorance than to know all things."

Der Deutsche Verein

Der Deutsche Verein

Präsidentin—Gertrude Bartel
Sekretärin—Mary Wilson

DO I HEAR someone exclaiming, "I didn't know such an organization existed?" Your ignorance is almost unpardonable, but perhaps the cause of it is the fact that this year the "*Deutscher Verein*" has been taking "*Eine Reise durch Deutschland.*"

The program committee planned a delightful journey for the club, including visits to Berlin, Dresden, Leipsig, Weimar, Jena, the Harz Mountains, the Rhine, Heidelberg, Strassburg and Oberammergau. The advantage of this tour was that any Earlham student might participate, and for this reason some may be interested in knowing how the journey was conducted.

The club met every two weeks, and each program was in charge of two members who used various methods of presenting the city visited. The party was launched when Bernhard Knollenberg vividly described the *Ueberfahrt*. On the way over, Professor Rea told of the German Summer Schools and the opportunities for the American student to obtain a speaking knowledge of the German language.

The cities mentioned above were visited in the order named. When Weimar and Jena were reached, the cities so intimately connected with Goethe and Schiller, Professor Charles gave, in German, an interesting talk concerning these places which he himself had visited. Caroline Nicholson prepared a German paper in the form of a diary, represented as written by a girl who knew Schiller, and who gave her impressions of him.

G. A. Lehman and P. W. Furnas, in a German conversation, described a *Fusstour durch das Harz Gebirge.*

One meeting was devoted to *deutsche Zeitschrifte.* This proved profitable and amusing, with Leah Throckmorton as an agent, trying to sell her magazines to Mary Wilson.

A tea was given winter term at which only German was spoken (Professor Charles, Fräulein Daniels, and Herr Lehman did most of the talking, the rest drank tea).

The last place visited was Oberammergau. This was an open meeting, held at the home of Miss Gertrude Bartel. Miss Whitacre, of the Richmond High School, who visited Oberammergau in 1910, described the village and the Passion Play in most interesting fashion.

This closed the meetings for the year and the club returned from its journey just in time to get its picture in the Senior Annual.

CLASSICAL CLUB

Classical Club

President—Agnes James
Secretary—Edna Marlatt

CLASSICAL Club, as Classical Club, is an infant. There used to be a Latin Club, but that quietly and without a gasp gave way to the new progeny. The hopeful is, I understand, a very lusty infant with great promises for the future.

At Classical Club they do many things—converse in Greek and Latin and amuse themselves with like simple joys. After passing the time of day in the aorist subjunctive (delightful sensation) and replying, "*Numquid vis,*" why then you catch hold of your nearest chair, reel blindly for a moment, and after swallowing dryly for four minutes, you almost come to, at least enough to answer "*Adsum*" to the roll-call, and to wish fervently that you were not. But when you sit down and the program begins, it is a rather nice place to be, after all. The shades of the classics are comfortable shades, not at all grim or ghost-like, and you can say exactly what you want to about them, for all *they* can say is already said and it stands in a little blue book right under your thumb.

Current classical magazines have been the subject of study this year; the programs have been presented by the students, and with additional addresses by classical students not connected with the college.

Professor Rea is very fond of the Classical Club. He thinks so much of it that he gave it a party, a very lovely classical party. They reclined luxuriously on desk chairs—oh, mercy no, not in flesh, only in spirit—and partook of the fine old Roman delicacies—cider and doughnuts! Ambrosia of Jupiter, cider! Food of Muses, doughnuts!

It was rather a risk to give such food to a mere babe like Classical, but he only waxed fatter, which proved that the club, gastronomically speaking, at least, has a wonderful future.

Oratorical Association

Oratorical Association

President—Raymond Myrick
Secretary—Elihu E. Jenkins

THE past year has been one of the busiest in the history of the Earlham Oratorical Association. There have been three state oratorical contests and two intercollegiate debates to which all representatives have been chosen by the class primary system. There have been more contestants in each of these events than there have been for several years, so the prospect for Earlham's continued high standing in oratory and debate are brighter than usual.

Thomas Elsa Jones, '12, won third place for Earlham in the annual State Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis, with his oration, "Democracy and Co-operation." Elihu E. Jenkins, '12, won first place in the annual State Peace Contest over men who had won the State Contest at Indianapolis and the State Prohibition Contest at Wabash. "Earlham's Little Orator" was awarded first place by each Judge on both manuscript and delivery. Earlham's representative in the State Prohibition Contest was a Freshman, Malcolm Campbell. Campbell won third place, only three points behind the man who won second. Campbell has a splendid voice for public speaking and in the next three years will undoubtedly accomplish much for Earlham.

For the first time in several years Earlham had two debating teams. The question for discussion was the same for each debate, viz.: "Resolved, that the recall of state and federal judges is a sound governmental principle." The affirmative team, composed of Floyd R. Murray, '13, Elgar J. Pennington, '14, and Edward F. Raiford, '15, lost by a majority decision, to the University of Cincinnati. The negative team, composed of Bernhard H. Knollenberg, '12, Raymond T. Myrick, '12, and H. Paul Hall, '14, evened things up with Albion (Mich.) by walking off with a unanimous decision.

The place of oratory in Earlham life has been well fixed. Oratory not only brings much honor to our Alma Mater, but it develops in its men and women the power to express themselves, to stand on their feet and think. In so far as the Oratorical Association has instigated and promoted the last of these two purposes, in that proportion has it succeeded. Victories and defeats are but the indicators of outward success, they in nowise measure the true amount of achievement. Earlham may well be proud of the men that have worked so consistently and so well during the past year.

THE GLEE CLUB

Director—DR. J. HERSCHEL COFFIN

Glee Club

OTHER colleges have a Glee Club, so why shouldn't Earlham? This was the sentiment that was found on every side when, at the beginning of the year, the Earlham Glee Club was formed. Quietly and earnestly a few men worked until at last there grew, under the directorship of Dr. Coffin, our much boasted Glee Club. The club was founded for the personal benefit of the members, and although it may have been a note of egotism that suggested in the constitution that it would develop the taste for better music among the men, it has to a certain extent made good its claim.

During the Spring vacation the Club made a tour of several Quaker centers in Indiana. Financially as well as from a standpoint of pleasure, the trip was a decided success. Many of the members learned much concerning the ways of the world, certain others engaged in that rather dangerous pastime of sporting, professors became rejuvenated, and the unsophisticated grew wise.

The home concert of the Club was one of the well-worth-while features of the past year. Who would not have shed tears at the pathetic plight of "The Artist's Entomologist" and the tragic end of "The Royal Mr. Sweeny's Doctor Mary Walker." The financial result of this concert put the Club on a good foundation for the coming year and also enabled the men to celebrate the season's success at a banquet.

The Earlham Glee Club fills a phase of college activity that has heretofore been neglected. Its existence has accomplished much good, and with great expectations we look forward to its achievement in the coming year.

Madrigal Club

Director—Laura C. Gaston

"The Feast of the Little Lanterns"

"Pretty little lanterns—ah—ee!
Pretty little lanterns—ah—ee!
Bow we low to the little lanterns; Lo! Lo!
Very low to the little lanterns; Low! Low!
Ah-ee! Ah-ee!

A PUFF of wind! The little lanterns dance! A whiff of perfume! A shower of wistaria bloom! The green dragons writhe about the glowing lanterns! The red poppies bow drowsily!

The clink of tea-cups! The rush of little feet! A burst of song! The throb of tom-toms! The swerving, whirling, bedizzying dance! Hai! Koo-loo! Ah-ee! Ah-ee! For this is the Feast of the Little Lanterns. This is the night when the great, red dragon comes up from the rice-fields to keep watch over little maidens.

The dance again! Madder and more ecstatic than before! A swaying, reeling, twirling maze of colors! A confused intricacy of bowing figures! A pause! A beating of little fans! The tom-toms again! A rush of feet! A troupe of jugglers! A glint of red! A flash of green! A myriad of moving, tumbling, turning balls darting among the swinging lanterns! A glimmering shower of confetti! Ah-ee! Ah-ee!——They are gone!

In the distance the singing of many, many maidens! Another puff of wind! The illusion passes! Still the music, but no longer are the words Chinese! Familiar forms approach! Ah! 'tis Madrigal! Our blithe, little Madrigal! Our singing, dancing, laughing Madrigal! Our fairest little sister, Madrigal!

THE EARLHAMITE STAFF

A Farce

SCENE I.

Place—The newly acquired *Earlhamite* office on the second floor of the Library.
Time—Monday evening, after the Earlhamite Association meeting.
Personae—*First Editor, Second Editor*, and the *Business Manager*.

As the curtain rises the First Editor is discovered discarding inspired poetry.

First Editor—"Whether it was more diplomatic to have written an editorial on 'Women's Athletics' or to have banqueted an unreciprocative Press Club, is beyond my mortal ken. Ah! there was the rub. But let bygones be bygones. I needs must cover a page with words; words that charm the eye and soothe the disturbed mind."

(The First Editor, after tearing his hair and gazing into space, falls to writing vigorously. The Second Editor enters hurriedly into the sanctum.)

Second Editor—"Well, I have just found out something that makes me perfectly furious. I have been talking with the Business Manager, and we have only enough money to publish two more issues. I think it's horrid, but it's so. I don't know what the man meant by spending all of our money without consulting the staff."

First Editor—"Shades of Mona Lisa! (rising and taking Scott-like strides backward and forward across the sanctum) this is the last straw. Howbeit, we are to blame. If we had not tried to do the social whirl with such a flourish we might have——"

Second Editor—"It wasn't that, it was that foolish contest of yours, and now you are planning for an Alumni number. When will you come to your proper senses? I tell you what we need, it is a good business foundation, and someone with practical mind."

First Editor—"Go on! Go on! I suppose I deserve it, but the *Earlhamite* isn't dead yet, and——"

Enter the Business Manager.

The Business Manager—"I am sorry, but I made a mistake. I just balanced my books and we are $250 to the good. Not nearly so bad as we thought. Eh!"

Second Editor (with a sigh of relief)—"Well!"

First Editor (grasping the Business Manager's hand)—"Thank heavens, old man, someone has a practical mind."

Curtain.

The Press Club

The Press Club

SOME people expect much, others expect little to be done by the Press Club. The difference of opinion as to the possibilities of this organization are caused by the fact that it is strictly a men's club. The fence between the bachelors and the "co-eds" is here built to insurmountable heights with the men on the inside and the ladies allowed to go in freedom. In spite of this restriction, the Press Club is a heterogeneous crowd; there are all kinds and descriptions in the list (and some that beg description).

In the main, however, the members of the Press Club are hard workers. The work that they have accomplished during the last twelve months is a brilliant test of the activity and versatility of the jolly little group of bachelors.

In speaking of the work of the Press Club, *The Earlham Press* comes naturally in the first place. Although not very old, the Club pet is a lusty individual. It has done wonderful things during the eighteen months since its founding. It has filled Earlham's need for a College newspaper, it has relieved the *Earlhamite* of the task of handling current news and has given to the members of the club invaluable training in writing for publication.

The *Press* has not taken all of the time of the club members. Several men have been acting as regular correspondents for the various newspapers over the state. Time was found to work in an occasional social gathering, an informal social always being in order after the adjournment of the regular fortnightly meetings.

The Press Club was honored this year in being the host for the annual convention of the Indiana Intercollegiate Press Association, which was held at Earlham May 10 and 11. The Club succeeded in bringing Dr. Talcott Williams of Philadelphia to Richmond to deliver the main address at the banquet with which the convention closed. Dr. Williams advised the youthful scribes from the various colleges of the state as to their duties in their particular lines of work, especially with reference to the field of journalism.

During the year, the number of members in the club has varied from about a dozen at the beginning of the Fall term to seventeen during the Spring. Six of the club members are members of the class of 1912, but as these men go out from Earlham they feel that they leave their work in good hands and believe that the future will be as active for the club as the past has been.

The Football Team

Football

THE football season of 1911 was one of the most successful that Earlham has ever known. The entire season was characterized by the hard and consistent work of both players and coaches, who were supported by enthusiastic rooters.

Our first game was played with Moore's Hill. This was an easy victory for our boys, who piled up a score of 39 to 0. On the following Saturday, Cincinnati University came to Earlham with one of the strongest teams in the Middle West. They brought twenty-eight players and made every effort to take home a large score, but through the head work of our scrappy little quarterback, C. L. Reagan, and the speed of Bogue, Earlham was enabled to snatch another victory of 9 to 0. The game at Rose Polytechnic was played in a steady rain. The Boilermakers, goaded by a former defeat from Earlham, determined to win the game at any cost. They battled hard for victory, but the splendid work of Brownell, both in long punts and carrying the ball, gave the Quakers another victory of 9 to 0.

The greatest struggle of the season was on the following Saturday, when Earlham went to Wabash to contend for state honors. At that time neither team had been defeated. Earlham sent a large delegation of rooters, and the field at Wabash was lined with people eager to know the outcome of the contest. Near the end of the first half, a costly fumble gave Wabash six points. This action was repeated near the close of the game, making the final score 12 to 3 in favor of Wabash.

On the following Saturday, Earlham played Butler at Richmond. Butler was taken off their feet at the start. The game closed with Earlham having 39 points and Butler 6. The last game of the season was played against DePauw, at Greencastle. Owing to a sudden thaw, the athletic field was a sea of yellow mud and water. Every feature of the game was necessarily slow. Short, low punts were used by both teams to advance the ball. A punt, blocked and downed back of the goal, gave Earlham her first marker. This was soon repeated by Bogue plunging through the line for a touchdown near the end of the game. The final score stood 10 to 0 in favor of the Quakers.

Throughout the season, Earlham was defeated but once and was scored against but twice. Her splendid record is due to a number of reasons. Five Seniors were on the team, all of whom had made some record in the past. Some of the new men furnished excellent material, having had three or four years in high school football. There were two coaches this year, who developed everything that was in the men; finally, a larger number and a scrappier bunch of scrubs fought the varsity than had done so in the past.

The Basketball Team

Basketball

THE basketball season was one of the most strenuous that Earlham has ever experienced. The team did not play a single practice game before it entered into the most difficult schedule ever arranged for an Earlham basketball team. The schedule, made out by Manager Wildman, was the best, from a spectator's point of view, that Earlham has ever had; it contained games with Indiana, Purdue and Notre Dame universities, and with all but two of the colleges of the state.

The willingness of a large squad of men to work consistently and hard, combined with the extraordinary ability of Coach Thistlethwaite as a coach, made for the success which the team attained. One of the most serious handicaps that the team was under during the entire season, was the inability to practice the home games on the same floor where they met their opponents. Another disadvantage was due to the sickness of the players. It was seemingly impossible to line up the same team two weeks in succession.

In spite of these hindrances, however, the team pulled together, and out of the seven possible victories over the other colleges of the state five were won. Captain Homer J. Furnas, '12, who for three successive years has played back guard, is responsible in many cases for the low scores to which the opponents were held. He seldom entered into the scoring, but was always responsible for a goodly portion of the defense of his team.

J. Lemoyne Gilbert, '12, was the spectacular player of the team, scoring almost as many points as any two of his fellow players. The other men on the team shared about equally the honors, with the exception of next year's captain, Ray Beery, who was the best floor worker on the squad.

THE SEASON OF 1911-1912

Earlham	23	Cincinnati	17
Earlham	12	Wabash	31
Earlham	8	Purdue	67
Earlham	30	Cincinnati	24
Earlham	32	Butler	15
Earlham	39	Franklin	16
Earlham	23	Rose	24
Earlham	13	Indiana	25
Earlham	14	Notre Dame	17
Earlham	22	Franklin	11
Earlham	24	DePauw	18

The Baseball Team

Baseball

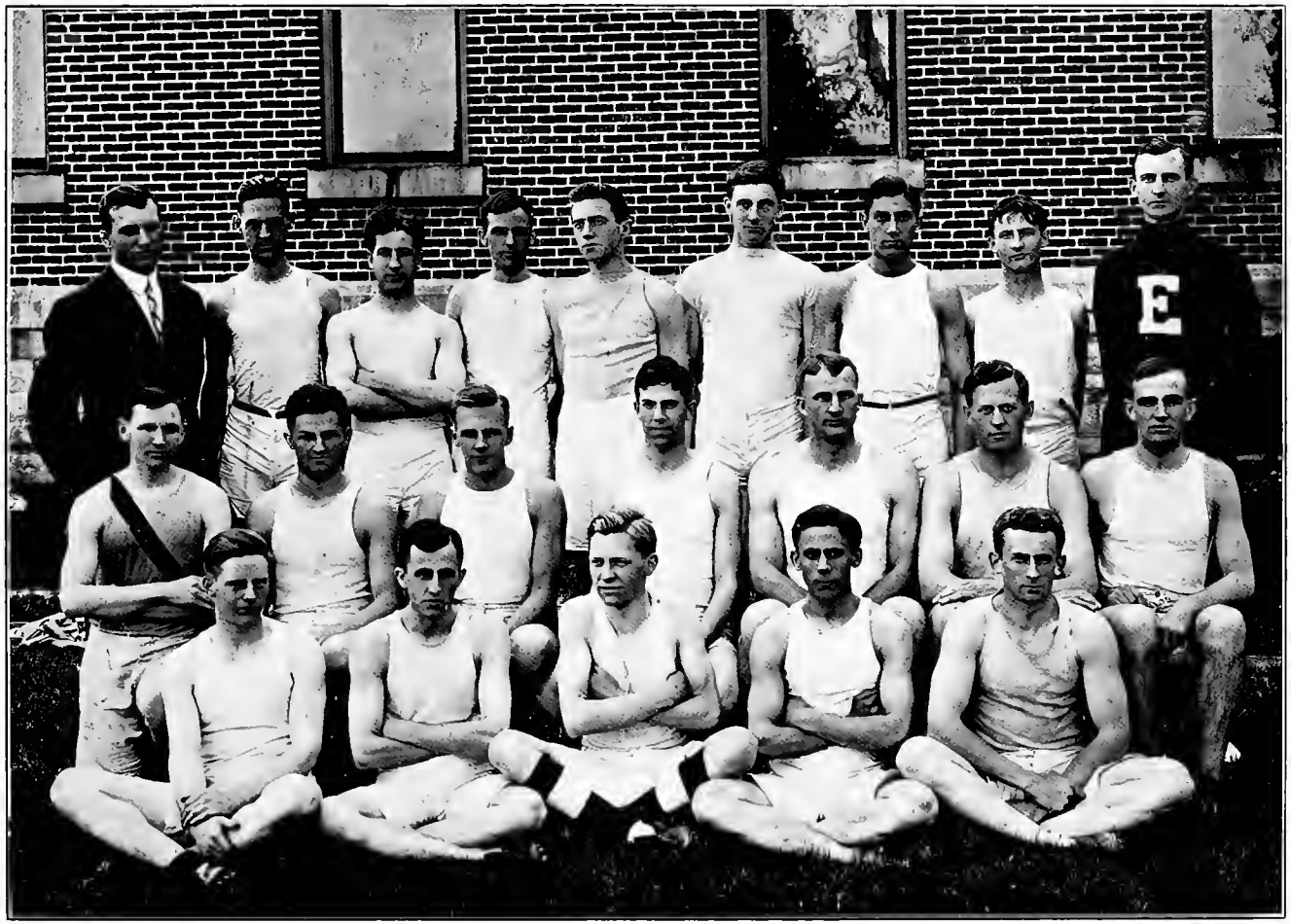
THE Earlham baseball season for the year 1912 was auspicious in many ways. The season was begun with a squad of men few of whom had ever played on the same diamond before. Only four "E" men of former years were on the squad during the season. The remainder of the team had to be recruited from the ranks of the Freshmen and from the second team players of last year. On the first call for candidates, a squad of about forty eager players turned out to try the national sport.

From the first game until the last, the team proved itself composed of a bunch of hard hitters. When a man got on base, he could always court on his teammates to hit the ball at the opportune moment. The ability of the men to hit, helped the team to make the most of every opportunity to pile up the score on the Earlham opponents. A number of the players had a particular liking for the long hits. Beard, Brubaker, Wilson and Wilcoxen pounded out hit after hit during the season that counted for extra bases.

In contrast to the strong hitting department of the team, the fielding proved somewhat below the standard. This was true particularly during the first half of the season. Many times the pitchers were forced into tight places because of the errors of their teammates.

Sanders and Wilcoxen alternated in the box for the Quaker team. Both men pitched finished ball and had more than one opponent trying to bend double to reach the twisters that they put over the plate. Captain Beard did the receiving behind the bat throughout the season. His work was above reproach on all occasions. Although not making a great deal of noise, he squatted behind the plate and thought out the moves for his team that left the other teams at sea. The quickness with which he got his throws off to catch a man at second, was a marvel to the men who thought they could make the "steal" easily.

Probably the most noteworthy accomplishment of the season was the defeat of the DePauw team on Reid Field, May 14, by the score of 9 to 1. For the first time in four years the Quaker colors waved triumphant after a baseball game with the Gold and Black. The joy of the Earlham rooters knew no bounds, and all declared that such a victory was sufficient in itself for an entire season's work.



The Track Team

Track

AT THE beginning of the Spring term, daily practice began. During the first few weeks the weather was bad and the squad was small, but with the warmer weather came an increased interest in Track athletics and soon a large number of men were trying out for positions on the team.

On May 4th, a dual meet was held with Wabash College, at Crawfordsville, which the Little Giants won with a score of 53 to the Quakers' 51. The meet was one of the closest and most interesting ever held at Crawfordsville. Earlham took the lead by taking straight firsts in the early part of the meet, both on the track and in the field, but toward the close Wabash began to climb up, and finally passed the Earlham score. The Quakers took nine of the possible thirteen firsts and two seconds, while the Little Giants took four firsts and eleven seconds, taking both first and second in three events.

The next Saturday, May 11, Earlham met Indiana University on Reid Field, on a very soft track, in a contest which ended in a tie score of 58½ to 58½. The home team led the Indiana men until near the end of the meet, when the visitors forged ahead and tied the score. The most unusual event of four men tying for first place occurred when Draper and Daniels of Indiana, and Lancaster and Roberts of Earlham, cleared 5 feet 5½ inches in the high jump and could go no higher. The visitors saved themselves from defeat in the last event, the pole vault, when Lingeman took first and Lynch tied Morris of Earlham for second.

The showing made in the Indiana meet by some of the Freshmen in addition to the work of the older men, promised well for Earlham's success in the I. C. A. L. meet which was held May 18, at Greencastle. As was expected, this again proved to be, in the main, a dual meet between Wabash and Earlham. Wabash was victorious with 51⅓ points; Earlham second, with 47; DePauw third, scoring 19⅓. Earlham took the lead at the beginning of the meet and held it till the next to the last event, when Wabash tied the score by taking first and third in the hammer throw. The failure of DePauw and Rose Poly to take the points they were expected to in the last event, the pole vault, enabled the Little Giants to get away with the winning score. The fact that the Earlham men brought home seven of the thirteen gold medals, while DePauw and Wabash got only three, speaks well for the Quakers.

In this meet two new I. C. A. L. records were established, and both by Earlham men, which gives Earlham the majority of the state records. Stanley threw the discus 113 feet 8 inches, adding nearly three feet to the record which he set in 1911. Captain Brown ran the 440 in 50⅘ seconds, cutting a second off the old record held by Deming of Wabash.

During the past few years Earlham has had winning track teams, but they have been composed principally of just a few point winners. Although we have not won a majority of the meets this year, we have developed a more well rounded team. With the showing made by the new members of this year's team, and losing only three point winners by graduation, prospects seem bright for a successful team next year.

INDIANA COLLEGE ATHLETIC LEAGUE RECORDS

100-Yard Dash—Blair, Wabash, 1907; Conrad, Earlham, 1910, 10 sec.

220-Yard Dash—Conrad, Earlham, 1910, 21 2-5 sec.

440-Yard Run—Brown, Earlham, 1912, 50 3-5 sec.

880-Yard Run—Coppock, Earlham, 1903, 2 min. 5 1-5 sec.

Mile Run—Coppock, Earlham, 1903; Reed, Wabash, 4 min. 40 2-5 sec.

120-Yard Hurdles—White, Earlham, 1908, 16 2-5 sec.

220-Yard Hurdles—White, Earlham, 1908, 26 2-5 sec.

High Jump—Bosson, Wabash, 1908, 5 ft. 10 1-2 in.

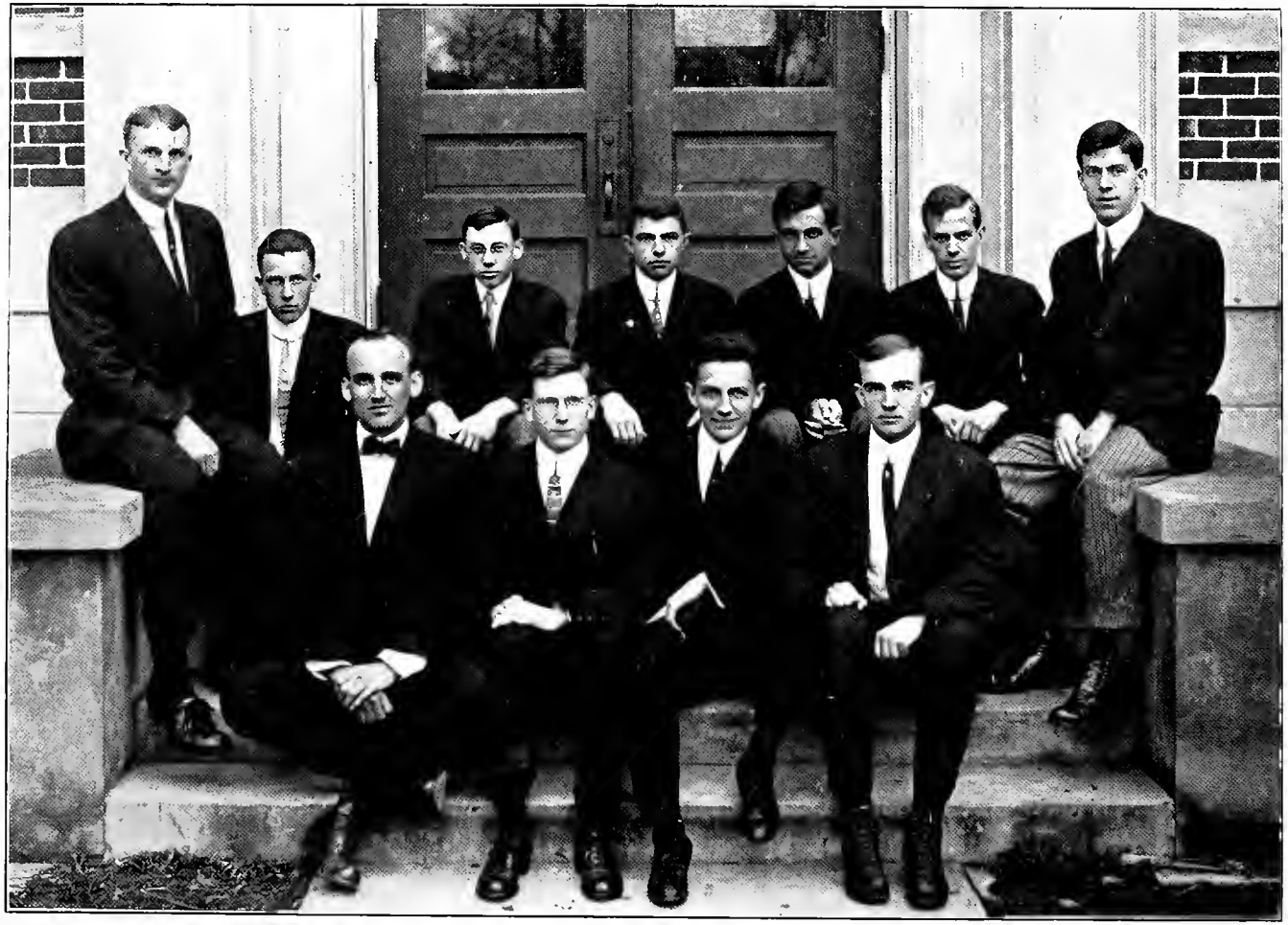
Broad Jump—Turk, Rose Poly, 1905, 22 ft. 1 3-4 in.

Pole Vault—Starbuck, Wabash, 1910, 11 ft. 4 in.

Discus Throw—Stanley, Earlham, 1912, 113 ft. 8 in.

16-lb. Shot Put—Brown, Wabash, 1908, 42 ft. 8 in.

16-lb. Hammer Throw—Smelser, Earlham, 1907; Stanley, Earlham, 1911, 124 ft. 10 1-2 in.



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The Earlham Press is a Real Newspaper. Every Monday morning it will come to you. With it you can get on the side lines again. You can feel the old stir and life. You can see what your friends now in Earlham are doing, and how your successors fill your shoes and follow the pace you set.

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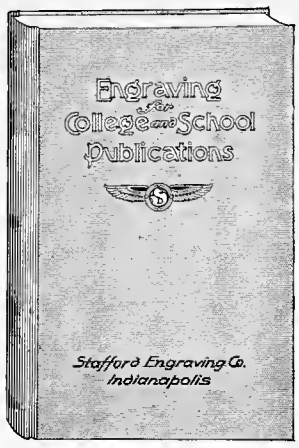

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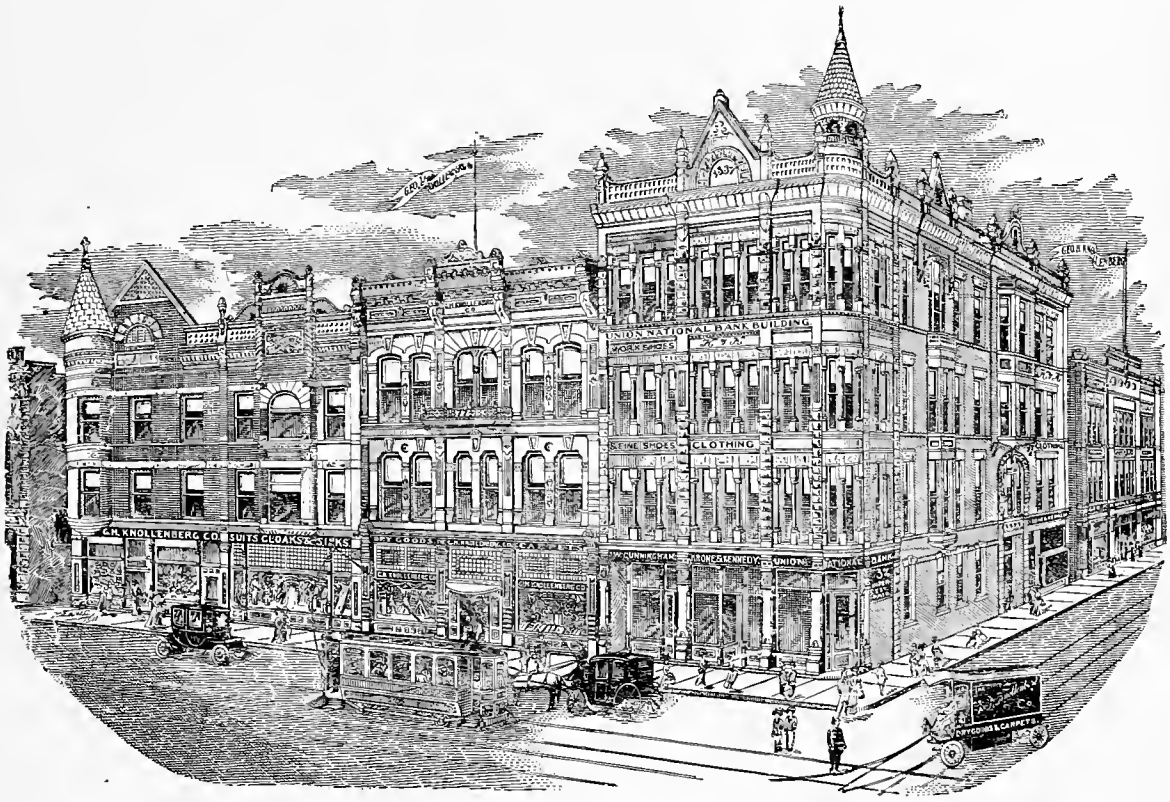

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